

Title: DRINKING SONGS I

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DRINKING SONGS DUPRE
TAUGHT ME
VOLUME ONE - MAIDS
IN TRADES

Come all of ye trades
and ye tradesmen,
and let ye be wise that
are fools.

But remember each day
that your trade would
decay
if a maid did not look to
your tools.

The blacksmith, the
smokey old blacksmith,
'tis known as a jolly old
fellow.

But his iron would burn
old, and his fire would
grow cold,
If a maid did not blow up
the bellows.

And then there's the
candlestick maker,
he works up the tallow
so quick.

But his craft would be
marred, and the works
not get hard,

If a maid did not hold up
the wick.

The ploughman, the jolly
old ploughman,
he follows the plow in
the silt.

But 'tis ne'er a clod
turned, if a maid had not
learned him,
To drive the blade up to
the hilt.

The brewer, the jolly old
brewer,
he maketh a very fine
ale.

But his brew would be
waste, if there's no maid

to taste,
And make sure that it
doesn't grow stale.
So come all ye
journeymen, craftsmen,
and all that are
apprenticed to trade.

For 'tis ne'er a screw or
a nut would be turned,
If it weren't for the help
of a maid!